

# THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

## Sleeveless Nighties Are Ankle Short

By MARGARET MASON.  
Sleeveless nighties, ankle short  
Are the new alluring sort;  
In them Sue's so sweet a sight,  
'Tis a shame to douse the light.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—The newest nighties are bound to be a source of vexation to those unfortunate whose vacations are thus laid bare either by the lack of sleeve or the lack of length. But who can deny that they are adorable? It takes little material but lots of art to evolve them and a little nerve and lots of charm to wear 'em. About the only way you can tell a nightie from a chemise these days and nights is by inches. The chemise is cut just above the knee and the nightie just below it.

It is true that most of the nighties actually worn for their own shortcomings, and this beautiful pink dye they wear whether they be of sheer batiste, crepe de chene, or the new wash satin. It takes lots of sibilants to describe them and but little else—sheer, short, sleeveless and simple will do the work, and there you have it. Just to be consistently short in every respect the new nighties are also short waisted and the empire waist line is shown on all the smartest models. Narrow lace edgings outlining the armholes and low neck line; briar stitching in pink or blue, touches of embroidery in pink or blue are all the ornamentations permissible on these chaste little sleeping garments of the moment. They must be highly hygienic, allowing as they do for so much fresh air, but one shudders to think how soon these ducks of nighties will become an extinct species along with the Do Do Bird and other rare avia if they keep on dwindling away to nothing in this reckless way they have begun.

## Advice To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie:  
I am a young girl nineteen years old, and have always wanted to have my voice cultivated, but could not afford to, and as I only get a small salary. Is there any place in Washington where I could have my voice cultivated free or at low cost?

W. H. C. A. Choral Club.  
Through this will not give you individual instruction, you will learn much about the theory of singing. There are some teachers in town who make a specialty of recording voices to groups of four pupils an hour or so cents a week. At this rate, one lesson a week should not prove expensive.  
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## Shepherd Plaid or Tweed? Then It Must Be Ever Present Serge—But Behold a Pocket!

Milady's Spring Suit Must Have Not One, But Many Pockets, and as for Buttons—They're Everywhere.

"WELL," shrugged the tailor, "mudane can suit herself." Invitation or threat? He had rifled over at least a dozen fat volumes of samples, all to no avail. Not only were the materials particularly uninspiring pasted on the pages in neat oblongs, but—after the fluffiness of winter furs—positively cheerless, with ranks of tweed and homespun and shepherd checks, to say nothing of a few unidentified mixtures.

The very words tweed and homespun suggested life in log cabins and an existence devoid of porcelain baths. Nothing is quite as depressing as a shepherd's plaid in the rough. Mixtures, too, are unavoidably connected with biennial trips to the store to buy a winter coat, when mother invariably allowed a diabolical salewoman to convince her that a "new mixture" had splendid wearing qualities.

The tailor meanwhile registered despair—Gallie despair. As a last trump, he blared:

"Madame will find the new materials so practical. Here is a mixture that will give excellent service for several seasons."

That was too much—all thoughts of an individually tailored suit took wings in the face of that eager "excellent service for several seasons." A tour of the shops was the only alternative.

Specter of Serviceability. The first specialty shop dealt largely in shepherd checks, mostly black with hairline markings of white, and even the magic names of French designers failed to drive away that specter of serviceability. The suits fairly screamed their conservative lines, good for at least seasons, their excellent materials, good for twice as long; their subdued colorings, good for any time of year or any time of day.

The second shop boasted a recent importation of homespun—Canadian, however, instead of Scotch or English, to give the proper alien twang. The homespun were of every color imaginable, dull peacock blue, soft strawberry, wistaria, and hunter's green. They were strictly utilitarian, to say the least, and the loudly sung praises of a silk salesman—were originally designed for fiction.

Original Polymuriel.

Then, ever so shy, ever so hesitantly, they confessed to serge, blue serge—ever so serviceable, always in good taste, always in style, the original polymuriel, and all the rest of the semi-animal antipodal.

"Of course," they returned to the charge a bit reproachfully, "if you want something in a dressy suit—and here a taffeta creation was invariably produced—"this is really very good. Here's a short coat, you see. Oh, yes, it flares, of course, and nice little pockets at the sides



Spring suit of blue gabardine, with collar and cuffs of embroidered faille.

and bullet buttons, and a flaring skirt—pleated. But a person prospecting among spring suits on even the banners of January days can seldom be won by mention of anything as thin as taffeta.

For once, tweed or checks seemed absolutely inevitable—with a blue serge the alternative. Since this must be—and there are surely other persons to whom serviceable materials are distasteful—what can be done to correct this wholly obnoxious state of affairs? Surely, the man who does peek under the cheesecloth—and saw a saucy blue and white faille collar, as pretty and fresh and springlike as you please. One would suppose that the cuffs were similar.

In due instance, when a faithful salewoman was prospecting for blue serge, to be exact, a certain person did peek under the cheesecloth—and saw a saucy blue and white faille collar, as pretty and fresh and springlike as you please. One would suppose that the cuffs were similar.

Confidence of Patient. "There is so much in the way of prevention, which may be done if a doctor has the confidence of his little patients, so much in the way of correcting bad habits. How many mothers, for instance, think of asking the questions that a trained specialist can ask simply because they attach no importance to such things?"

"Of course they call us in post-haste when the child has a cold or a fever, or a broken arm, but then they remain to tell us how it happened. Now when the child is well, and how, at that minute, the child is feeling. Much precious time is lost, mistakes in judgment made. As a physician, I am almost ready to admit it, because we cannot get information at first hand. I cannot say to a nervous mother: 'Madam, will you kindly leave the room while I talk to this child, who must know more about how he feels than you or I possibly can.' I do send them trotting on impossible errands sometimes," he admitted with a grim smile.

"I'm passing this conversation on to all the mothers I know. For it contains an element of common sense which no doubt the majority of them have overlooked. A sick child does need a deal of coaxing at times; an ill child needs to be reasoned with gently by an expert who knows just what necessary questions to ask. And when we pay a man for having that skill, it does seem rather unfortunate that we should turn his task, now, doesn't it?"

(Copyright, 1916, by Laura Clawson.)

Glimpse at Those Collars of White and Blue Faille, With Cuffs and Hems of Like Texture—and Forgive the Original Polymuriel.

discovering some way that it may be kept from a second term of office. This year it's collars and buttons. Thousands of buttons proceed, according to precedent (with thanks to Kipling) up and down the fronts and backs and seams of suits. And such buttons! Shiny bullet ones of odd sizes that can't be matched or lost, cloth or taffeta covered buttons that wear out and have to be recovered with no material in sight; buttons of ivory and queer colors to suggest Bakalan concepts. When one becomes really attached to a suit, one naturally becomes attached to the buttons. In other words—when buttons are lost the whole sentimental value of the suit is impaired.

Dozens of Pockets. And pockets—dozens of them. Not the marble-secreting pockets that small boys love, but mock pockets that seem deep and roomy and would not really accommodate the slightest of banknotes. Nevertheless, those pockets are exploited as one of the most sensible attachments of the 1916 suit.

Really, after noting all these little inconsistencies, the materials began to assume a more fragile aspect. Perchance by hard wear, even a tweed suit, properly adorned with a very white faille collar, might be made to look slightly less serviceable after two months of wear. Even a sensible shepherd check might lose its proud claim to two years of service if a pocket were slightly askew and a good very good blue serge minus several essential buttons—ah, there would the crafty tailor wreak his revenge.

Even the much-boasted "conservative lines," medium length coats and walking skirts of severe cut could scarcely survive when those evanescent collars and elusive buttons stand in the way.

## RECIPES

### Orange Tart.

Mix the juice of two large oranges with the grated rind of one and the juice of half a lemon rubbed smooth, with a teaspoon of cornstarch. Stir while cooking. Add three-fourths cup of sugar and two tablespoons of melted butter. Line patty pans with pastry, fill and bake.

### Mulligatawny Soup.

Three-quarters of a pound of butter beans, one ounce carrots, turnips and celery, three pints water, one level teaspoonful salt, two ounces Spanish onion (chopped), small pieces bay leaf, parsley three ounces apple (chopped), three ounces tomato (sliced), one and one-half teaspoonful curry powder, two teaspoonfuls lemon juice, one-half ounce flour, one-half pint milk.

Soak the beans all night in water. Put them on to cook. When boiling add the carrot, turnip and celery. Cook until beans are tender. Fry the onion in butter with the bay leaf and parsley. Add the apple and tomato, sprinkle over the curry powder. Stir over the fire a few minutes, taking care it does not burn. Then add the flour and lemon juice. Cook slowly for one hour, rub through a sieve. Reheat and serve with boiled rice.

### Apple Pineapple Tart.

Line a pie tin with pastry, put in a layer of pineapple, sprinkled with sugar, spread with apple sauce, fill with pineapple, cover with pastry and bake. Glaze with beaten egg, bake for three minutes, sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve hot or cold.

### Parasip Balls.

Mash the parasips finely, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix smoothly together, and add a beaten egg. Form into balls, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, then fry in boiling fat.

## Injection of Coagulose Horse Serum Helpful In Healing of Wounds

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

THE stream of vitality that ebbs and flows through your veins, your capillaries and your arterial canals remains so smooth, comforting, warm current of straw-colored serum, rich, reddish orange corpuscles, dustlike granules, or tiny fragments of clear gelatin many times smaller than a red blood "cell," only as long as it is in the go within its proper "waterways." In other words, your blood remains the vermillion stream of life only when confined to its bed, its "Colitra Cut" or the anatomy. Snails and crabs have white blood; several insects have marine blue blood; some toads and salamanders green blood, and the streaming protoplasm of such water plants as ephyrae and the chlorophyll of all green plants also may be considered as blood. In health the human vital stream is a bright, scarlet red, becoming a dark, bluish color when stale and used up as venous blood.

The instant a landslide, an explosion or any accident severs the containing walls—veins, arteries heart or capillaries—of the blood current, the nice balance of serum, reds and white of this life fluid is destroyed, and a stream of red spurts out.

A hemorrhage is the outflow of blood from its accustomed channels. It is a diverted river, overflowing rich lands, thereby working in try to itself and its neighborhood. From the veins and capillaries a slow inundation of dark red blood, rich as the Nile, yields up its own riches to the surrounding soil. If the hemorrhage is from the arteries, the blood is spurting in a brilliant vermillion stream as from the nozzle of a fire hose.

### What a Clot Is.

A rupture of a living membrane—internally analogous to the skin—of the liver, or any other spongy structure causes an ooze from the surface. The leakage comes from numerous capillaries too small to be seen individually with the unaided eye. These evanescent collars and elusive buttons stand in the way.

Whenever a hemorrhage takes place from an artery, the muscular elastic walls shrink. If the cut, tear, or crevice is small, the hole will be plugged. If, however, an artery is severed, the walls will shrink away. Fortunately, the lining of the arteries falls back and closes in. This ruffles up the leaking blood, and if the artery is a small one, plugs its end with a clot.

From this simple automatism on the part of living tissues great losses of blood from slight accidents are uncommon. In health, blood does not clot. If normal conditions inside the blood tubes are present, and the tension, heat, and pressure of the stream remain unchanged.

### Artificial Inducers of Clots.

The moment healthy blood or lymph escapes from its natural channels it coagulates or clots as curds form in whey. The clot must form within a reasonable time or death will occur. Jaundice, inherited blood diseases, anemia and some other maladies retard and even prevent the clot-making material from doing its work. The upshot of this is that wounds and operations, even of a minor type, may be the cause of dangerous, if not fatal, hemorrhages.

Thanks to the patient, persistent researches made upon this momentous problem by scientific workers, it is now possible to check and control the value of bleeding which only recently were almost always fatal. Extracts and solutions made from the suprarenal or adrenal glands which crown the kidneys, much as the French military helmets protect the soldiers in the trenches when injected into the blood or applied to the bleeding point, form one of the available measures. Transfusion of blood or the transfer of fresh, quickly clotting vital fluid from some vigorous person is another means now in use. The victims of explosions, of battles or of other catastrophes, almost dead from huge hemorrhages, are thus restored to life and strength. Where this is not feasible, horse serum, which is put up in much the

## Answers to Health Questions

V. H. P.—Will you kindly recommend something that will remove freckles?

Salicylic acid, used in the form of a plaster, is very good. Most so-called freckle remedies contain mercury and may cause serious internal trouble if employed. In any case, no matter what is used, freckles usually return, and if the skin used it is better to stop the use of all remedies as more harm will be done than benefit. Use plain boracic acid powder twice a day on them.

Reader—Will you kindly define blood pressure?

Blood pressure is the force which keeps the flowing vital fluid in an even stream. The elasticity of the arteries and veins, the resistance in the skin and tissues, and the irritability of pumping of the heart help to sustain it.

Anxious—My hair is turning gray, and I am only in my twenties. The root has a small sack-like formation, sometimes with a black end. Is there any remedy for this, or shall I leave well enough alone?

This is due to overactive glands and strong emotions. If you wish to darken your hair there are safe methods.

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## Trouble At Home When a Child Is Ill

The Helpless Doctor Usually Finds Difficulty In Evolving a Child's Symptoms from the Mass of Information and Comment Offered by the Disturbed Parent.

By LAURA CLAWSON.

"YOU see, doctor," said the excited mother, "Anne came home from school at 11 o'clock with a sore throat, and I think she has a fever, and she says her head hurts here. Yes, I'll get the spoon—do you think it can be anything serious, doctor?—and a glass of water."

"My dear Mrs. Blake," said the child specialist, "if you will be kind enough to go to the phone and call up my office—"

"Now, Anne, tell me where it hurts," said the doctor.

Anne, being a child of average intelligence, was doing just that thing, and the physician was in a fair way of getting the information he needed when in rushed her mother.

"I gave the message that you were here," she remarked, "now let me tell you about Anne. I think she got chilled through this morning in the car. Her father was detained, and she sat in the cold waiting for him. Anne always was so susceptible to cold. She says that she felt chilly all the morning, and asked to be excused at recess."

Anne Subsides.

Anne had subsided. She had been taught not to interrupt.

"Now, Mrs. Blake, the spoon and glass of water, please."

And thus the doctor had another brief time with his little patient.

The ailment was a simple one, but as I came into the room I found the little Anne's aunt, and, of course, an interested person, I noted that the good doctor appeared to be slightly put out about something.

I noted one other thing also. Most of his remarks were addressed to Anne rather than her mother.

The doctor and I were old friends, and, leaving Anne's mother in the room, I followed him into the hall to inquire if there were anything I might do.

"See," he said, almost fiercely,

"Tell all the women who are mothers to allow a child who is ill to speak to the doctor himself about his symptoms." Mothers wonder and protest when we physicians banish them from consultations whenever we possibly can. It is largely because we cannot get at the child himself. One can do nothing with symptoms related at second hand. Intelligent women who would not allow a doctor to prescribe for them over the telephone or by mail, treat their own children in just that fashion.

"Any child who can talk knows what the matter is—at least where the pain is, and often what causes it. But is he allowed to say so before the doctor? Nine times out of ten, no. Willie is ill; Willie got his feet wet this morning. Willie is helpless and I am helpless, because I can't get a word into the child before my question is taken out of my mouth by Willie's mother."

And the good doctor rather rudely departed.

Thinking about it I saw that he had a serious crinoline against the mothers of his little patients.

Obscure Recital.

It's hard enough at best for a child's doctor to find out just what the matter is, but when the facts are obscured by the recital and the recital of them take place in front of the little patient he is trying to help, it does make a hard task more difficult.

I saw this same doctor a day or two after this incident, and asked him frankly what he thought the trouble was, and where the remedy lay.

"First, I want to apologize for my rudeness," he said, but it seems so stupid in women not to see what I am trying to do."

"Unless I have the confidence of my patients, as well as the trust of their parents, I am so handicapped. And without the confidence of a child one may as well attempt nothing beyond the relieving of immediate pain."

"How can I get at certain facts unless I have the opportunity to ask for them?"

"How can a child who has no personal relation with the physician who is treating him, feel anything but impersonally impersonal to the man who comes to talk to mother about my stomach," which is the way in which one of my observing youngsters not long ago?"

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By MARIA WILLETT HOWARD

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